

HIBERNIAN WARBLER,

O R,

GENTUS in HIGH GLEE,

Being an entire new

COLLECTION

Of the most Favourite

SONGS

Which have been set to Music and sung at the
THEATRES, GARDENS, and all Polite CON-
CERTS, both, Public and Private.

INTERSPERSED,

With great Variety of *Choice Originals* that never
appeared in Print before.

D U B L I N :

Printed by JAMES HOBY, at the Sign
of *Mercury* in *Skinner-Row*,

MDCCLXIV.

THE LITTLE MAN

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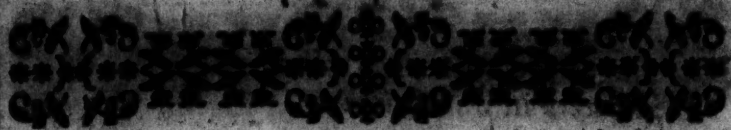


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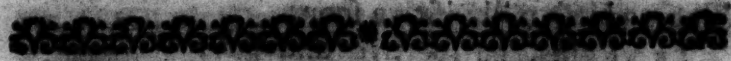
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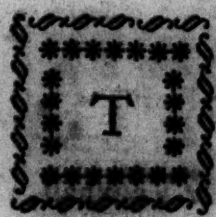


THE HIBERNIAN WARBLER.



SONG I.

MAY, the MOTHER of LOVE.



T

HE virgin when softened by May,
Attends to the villager's vows,
The birds loudly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their
boughs:

On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above;

We shepherds that dwell on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of love.

From the west, as it wantonly blows,
Fond zephyr caresses the vine,
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And the willows and woodbines entwine:
The pinks by the rivulet's side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward and kiss the soft tide
For May is the mother of love.

May tinge the butterfly's wing,
 He flutters in bridal array,
 If the larks and the linnets now sing,
 Their music is taught them by May;
 The stock dove, recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
 And murmuring seems to repeat,
 That May is the mother love,

The goddess will visit ye soon,
 Ye virgins, be sportive and gay,
 Get your pipes, oh! ye shepherds, in tune,
 For music must welcome the May;
 Would Dámon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove,
 Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find,
 That May is the mother of love.

S O N G II

NANCY. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

T'WAS underneath a May-blown bush,
 Where violets bloom and sweet primroses,
 With voice melodious as a truth,
 Young Jonny sung collecting posies,
 Those to the breast must be convey'd,
 Of her who sways my warmest fancy,
 The tender blushing blooming maid,
 My smiling mild good natur'd Nancy,

I know that some her youth will jeer,
 And call me wittless Aunty and Zani,
 But I from constant love declare,
 I ne'er will wed but Nanny;

I env

I envy them not pomp nor dress,
Nor conquest gain'd o'er hearts of many,
The study of my life's to bless,
And please my dear my grateful Nanny.

How much unlike my fair to those,
Whose wanton charms are free to any,
I'd give the world could I disclose,
A fiftieth part the worth of Nanny;
Let bucks and bloods in burnt champaign,
Toast Lucy, Charlotte, Poll and Fanny,
At notions so absurd and vain,
I smiled and clasp my blameless Nanny.

S O N G III.

NANCY. A NEW SONG.

AS musing I stray'd perchanced t'other day,
My Nancy trip'd over the plain,
Entranc'd by her beauty I flew to the maid,
And kiss'd her again and again;
Such charms neither Venus nor Helen could boast,
What ever the poets may feign,
They may say what they will they ne'er can
compare,
To my Nancy my hearts little queen.

Such sweetness reigns in the face of the fair,
She seems like an angel to me,
I'm always unhappy when she's from my sight,
She's ever so pleasant and free;
No pride nor ambition take place in her breast,
Her temper is ever serene,
Engaging her converse and gracefull the air,
Of Nancy my hearts little queen.

O Witness

O witness ye powers how much I adore,
 With Nancy I never can part,
 Take counsel ye youths and rely on this truth,
 True love springs alone from the Heart;
 No clouded suspicions my bosom possess,
 Of rivals thro' jealousy's spleen,
 In her I confide she is faithful and kind,
 My Nancy my hearts here queen.

S O N G VI.

BELLEISLE March: *or, the REVIEW.*

ALL hail to the king,
 That in youth's early spring,
 Such a promise of glory displays;
 May his race still extend,
 Freedom's cause to defend,
 And the fame of old England to raise,
 May our Edwards of old,
 And our Harrys so bold,
 In his issue again and again be renew'd;
 That our sons on the main,
 May their empires maintain,
 And commerce in safety pursu'd.

With many a scar,
 Behold from the war,
 The brave legions of Britain advance,
 From Minden they come,
 Swell the fife, beat the drum,
 From Minden the terror of France:
 See the brave hardy crew,
 As they pass in review,
 How they smile on the King's royal train;
 When

When these their looks say,
 Call us forth, we obey,
 And we'll fight all our battles again.

From the east to the west,
 British valour confess,
 Standeth first on the records of fame;
 Let Williamsdorf plain,
 And the borders of Spain,
 British faith, British courage proclaim;
 From the dangerous sword,
 Of oppression restor'd,
 Fair freedom again shall display;
 In safety her wings,
 For protection, while kings,
 Grateful homage to Britain shall pay,

The feats that were done,
 By Philip's mad son,
 Were but trifles to glories like these;
 For ambition he fought,
 And the lust only fought,
 Of his blood thirsty rage to appease;
 But Britons more brave,
 Draw the sword but to save,
 From such tyrants the right of mankind;
 And the weapon again,
 When their end they obtain,
 Is in peace to the scabbard confin'd.

A full flowing glass,
 Now to Granby we'll pass;
 And to each valiant leader beside;
 Nor forget the brave crew,
 That with hearts firm and true,
 For

For their country in danger dely'd;
 Let the drum beat a charge,
 And the nation at large,
 Rend the wide-vaulted sky with their song,
 Till echo the sound,
 From her grotto rebound,
 And the loud gratulation prolong.

S O N G

The SPINNING WHEEL

TO ease his heart and own his flame,
 Young Jockey to my cottage came;
 But tho' I lik'd him passing well,
 I careless turn'd my spinning wheel.
 My milk white hand he did extol,
 And prais'd my finger long and small;
 Unfeign'd joy my heart did feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.
 Then round about my slender waist
 He clasp'd his arms and made me fast;
 To kiss my hand he down did kneel,
 But yet I turn'd my spinning wheel.
 With gentle voice he bid me cease
 He kiss'd my neck, my lips and eyes,
 My fondness I could scarce conceal,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel.
 Till bolder grown to close he press'd my breast,
 His wanton tongue he quickly us'd;

That

Then pull'd him from my rock and reel,
And angry turn'd my spinning wheel.

At last when I began to chide,
He swore he meant me for his Bride,
'Twas then my love I did reveal,
And flung away my spinning wheel.

THE QUEEN OF MAY
SONG VI

COME lovely Queen of fragrant May,
And dance around the sacred pole,
This the time to frisk and play,
Hence all care and gloomy dole,
To frisk and play this the time,
Flora now is in her prime.

The fields are deck'd in primrose pale,
With Cowslips yellow, Violets blue,
The daffodil adorns the vale,
With lillies sweet of fairest hue,
The Jonquil in his fatty bed,
Dancing shakes his jolly head.

The chearful lark now chaunts his song,
Up mounted high on merry wing,
The cuckoo hid all winter long,
Comes now to taste the scented spring,
The birds with great festivity,
Join in rural symphony.

Then lovely nymph let us be gay,
Far hence all anxious thoughts and fear,

For their country all danger defy'd;
 Let the drum beat a charge,
 And the nation at large,
 Rend the wide-vaulted sky with their song,
 'Till echo the sound,
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 And praised my fingers long and small;
 Unusual joy my heart did feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

Then round about my slender waist,
 He clasp'd his arms and me embrac'd;
 To kiss my hand he down did kneel,
 But yet I turn'd my spinning wheel.

With gentle voice I bid him rise,
 He bless'd my neck, my lips and eyes,
 My fondness I could scarce conceal,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

Till bolder grown to close he press'd,
 His wanton thoughts I quickly guess'd,
 Then

Then push'd him from my rock and reel,
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The birds with great festivity,
Join in rural symphony.

Then lovely nymph let us be gay,
Far hence all anxious thoughts and fear,

This the sprightly first of May,
 Flora comes but once a year,
 So Dance a round the sacred pole,
 Hence all care and gloomy dole.

S O N G VII.

THE Sun, like any bridegroom gay,
 'Rose to salute the spring,
 The flow'rets hail'd the birth of May,
 And birds began to sing:
 When Damon trip'd it o'er the plain,
 Dear Chloe's heart to win,
 But at the window tap'd in vain,
 She would not-----let him in.

Beside the mansions where the great,
 From glorious seats retir'd,
 The Druids us'd to celebrate,
 The virtues they admir'd:
 Love whisper'd this in Damon's ear,
 And bade the song begin,
 And thus he sung, to please the fair,
 In hopes she'd-----let him in.

So sweet his song, the maiden 'rose,
 In rural plain attire,
 And like the genial season glows,
 With thrilling soft desire:
 But angry like, by love controul'd,
 Cry'd, Shepherd why this din?
 Why wake me thus? I've often told,
 I ne'er wou'd let you in.

The fair-one in his arms he press'd,
 And kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
 And who, with honour in his breast,
 Wou'd then have thought on more?
 To church he led her in her prime,
 For pleasure void of sin;
 And now she hails the happy time,
 When first she——let him in.

S O N G V I I I .

L A B O U R I N V A I N .

IN pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that
 had stray'd,
 One morning I rang'd o'er the plain;
 But alas! after all my researches were made,
 I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length, growing hopeless my lambs to restore,
 I resolv'd to return back again;
 It was useless I thought to seek after them more,
 Since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return pretty Phoebe I saw,
 And to love her I could not refrain;
 To solicit a kiss I approach'd her with awe,
 But she told me my labour was in vain.

Dear Phoebe, I cry'd, to my suit lend an ear,
 And let me no longer complain;
 She reply'd with a frown and an aspect severe,
 Young Colin your labour's in vain.

Then

Then I eagerly clasp'd her quite close to my
 breast,
 And kiss'd her, and kiss'd her again;
 O! Colin, she cry'd if you're rude I protest
 That your labour shall still be in vain.

At length, by entreaties, by kisses and vows,
 Compassion she took on my pain;
 She now has consented to make me her spouse,
 So no longer I labour in vain.

S O N G IX.

A HINT to the FAIR-SEX.

'GAINST the destructive wiles of man,
 Your hearts (ye fair-ones!) guard;
 Their only study's to trapan,
 And play a trickster's card.
 With strange delight, poor women they slight,
 Amuse, cajole, belye:
 Hence girls! Beware:----Look sharp:----Take
 care:---
 For men are wond'rous fly,

That Proteous, man, like him of old,
 A thousand forms will take;
 His venal soul is all for gold;
 A crocodile, or snake.
 See his dire thread, this spider spread,
 To catch the female fly:
 Hence, girls! Beware:---Look sharp:---Take
 care:
 For men are wond'rous fly.

A por-

A porcupine, by rage inspir'd,
At nymphs he darts his quills:
A basilisk, by frenzy fir'd
His glance, like poison, kills.
With fraudulent arts, he steals their hearts,
Then throws the baubles by;
Hence, girls! Beware:----Look sharp:----Take
care;
For men are wond'rous fly.

Was the whole race of men to meet
In one wide-spreading plain,
Of constancy, of faith to treat,
And virtue's spotless train:
To find a youth renown'd for truth,
Whole ages we might try:—
Hence, girls! Beware:—Look sharp:—Take
care:
For men are wond'rous fly.

S O N G X.

The I D E S of M A Y.

THE prospect clear'd, around is heard
The music of the hive,
The blossoms blow, the spirits flow,
And nature's all alive.
In every grove, the work is love,
The word is sing and play;
From eye to morn, the fages warn,
Ye maids beware of May.

Each

Each lively scheme, each am'rous theme
 Our nymphs and poets chuse;
 The dance delights, the song invites
 As mirth provokes the muse,
 The war's no more, our chief's come o'er,
 Again the grave—ones say
 Where'er they tread, temptation's spread,
 Beware the Ides of May.

S O N G X I

A DIALOGUE, *sung by Miss Catley and Mr.
 Lowe, at Marybone Gardens.*

H E.

THIS way, pretty maid, would you go,
 Let me see you then safe through the wood,
 I pry'thee now do not say no
 What I ask you is meant for your good.

S H E.

Oh shepherd, a maid should beware,
 When she's through the wood forced to go;
 You shall not attend me I swear,
 'Tis prudent to answer you no.

H E.

The gypsies and elves all about,
 Will frighten and plague you, I know;
 Then make not, dear girl, such a rout,
 For with you I must and will go.

S H E.

S H E.

I've told you my mind once before,
 I wonder you thus will intrude;
 You tease me, and vex me; give o'er,
 Perhaps you've a mind to be rude.

H E.

For once let me shew you the way:
 All rudeness indeed I'll forbear;
 Can I harm so much sweetness, I pray?
 I love you too well I declare.

S H E.

I see there is nought can persuade;
 Still on the same subject you dwell;
 Hold—or on the word of a maid,
 This instant I'll bid you farewell.

H E.

Since I'm like to see you no more,
 Then take for your pains this and this;
 If you're angry I'll give you a score,
 You may tell if you will of each kiss.

S H E.

Was ever a creature so bold;
 You vex me, and tease me to death;
 Hold, hold, you great monster you hold,
 You put me almost out of breath.

H e.

H. E.

From your heart if you'll pardon me this,
 I never will do so again;
 I'll leave you—now answer me yes,
 And pardon too forward a swain.

S O N G XII.

A Musical Address, sung at Marybone Gardens.

Mrs. LOWE.

NOW the summer advances, and pleasure
 removes
 From the smook of the town, to the fields and the
 groves;
 Permit me to hope, that your favours again
 May smile, as before, on this once happy plain.

Miss CATLEY.

Tho' here no rotunda expands the wide dome,
 No canal on its borders invites you to roam;
 Yet nature some blessings has scatter'd around,
 And means to improve may hereafter be found.

Miss MILES.

On spots as uncouth, from foundations as mean,
 Some structures stupendous exalted have been;
 Hence started Vauxhall, and thus Renelagh grew;
 From rudeness to grandeur, supported by you.

Miss SMITH.

The barrenest heath may by art be improv'd:

Thus

Thus rivers diverted, and mountains remov'd,
Do you then the sunshine of favour display,
And culture shall soon the glad summons obey.

Miss CATLEY.

Mean while, ev'ry effort to please you we'll try:

Miss MILES.

Good music, good wine, with each other shall vie.

Miss SMITH.

To gain your esteem's the full scope of our plan.

Mr. LOWE.

And we'll strive to deserve it as well as we can.

CHORUS.

To gain your esteem's the full scope of our plan,
And we'll strive to deserve it as well as we can.

SONG XII.

The following SONG is introduced in the Character of Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, in the new Pantomime of Love a la Mode, lately performed at the Theatre Royal. (Tune Shawn-bwee.)

HE that thinks the attack of an Irishman slack,
Lord help him but little he knows us,
C The

The Fair and the Foe : oh ! we lay their heads low,
 If in love or in fight they oppose us ;
 For in all kinds of wars, or of Cupid or Mars,
 Our Courage and weapons are ready,
 True to the back-bone, we give them their own,
 Our Motto is willing and steady.
 With my duddarob, smallaloo bow wow wow,
 whack.

S O N G XIII.

The L U C K Y F A L L.

A Band of Cupids t'other day,
 Were in a mirtle grove ;
 Till tir'd of ev'ry boyish play,
 They made a match to rove.
 But where, cries one, the cock of all,
 Let's fix upon a place ;
 Hang Paphos, and Olympus-hall,
 I vote for Chloe's face.

No sooner said, than off they flew,
 And gath'ring round the fair ;
 As swarming bees on flowers do,
 They settled here and there.
 Some on her lips, her nose, her chin,
 A score on either cheek ;
 While fifty to her eyes went in,
 To play at hide and seek.

But gravity itself must smile,
 The wranglers to have heard ;
 For place disputing all the while,
 Tho' each his own prefer'd ;

Till chancing from her lips to slide,
One fell on Chloe's breast,
And creeping down, in triumph cry'd,
Whose station's now the best ?

S O N G X I V .

A H U N T I N G S O N G .

HARK, the horn calls away,
Come the grave, come the gay;
Wake to music that wakens the skies,
Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

From the east, breaks the morn;
See the sun-beams adorn
The wild heath, and the mountain so high,
Shrilly ope the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the hills and the valleys reply,
And the hills. &c.

Our forefathers so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the bear and the boar,
Ruddy health bloom'd the face;
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence or noble descent,
Hill and wilds we frequent,
When the bosom of nature's reveal'd,
Though in life's busy day,

Man of man's made a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field,

With the chase in full sight;
Gods, how great the delight!
How our moral sensations refine,
Whence is care, whence is fear,
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse my brave boys,
Lo, each pants for the joys
That anon shall enliven the whole.
Then at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures discount,
And renew the chase over the bowl.

S O N G X V.

The WAY TO WIN HER;

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

YOUTHFUL and buxom,—such the will
Of fate;
Dorinda mourn'd, alas! her widow'd state:
With sighs and tears, in dismal black array'd,
She all the awful charms of grief display'd.
Such charms as soon a croud of lovers drew,
Who lik'd her person much, and money too,
But ev'ry art they us'd was all in vain,
For thus she vow'd she ne'er would wed again.

AIR.

A I R.

To the Tune of Mingotte's Minuet.

Here I swear it,
Heav'n shall hear it,
I will ever constant prove,
To the dearest
And sincerest,
To my first and only love.

Leave your wooing,
Cease pursuing,
All your sighing,
Swearing, lying,
Ne'er, O ne'er shall win me more.

RECITATIVE.

A smart young Captain came among the rest,
And in a different strain his love express'd,
Not bowing, sighing, cringing and all that,
But hugs and kisses to the business pat,
And, while he clasp'd her struggling to his breast,
In jocund vein the widow he address'd:

A F R.

To the Tune of Murtogh O Blaney,
I prithee no more of this old-fashion'd folly,
ma'am,
'Tis a sin against nature to waste thus your
prime,

Con-

Consider you're youthful and handsome and jolly
ma'am,

If you love pleasure, now, now is your time,

Come then, let's away, my dear,

Make no delay, my dear,

I see by your eyes, that love thinks it no crime.

By heaven, your charms are divine

Your lips are like honey I swear,

If you will consent to be mine,

You shall not repent it my dear.

RECITATIVE.

As the dark night yields to approaching Day,

So the blithe captain banish'd care away,

No longer sorrow faulter'd on her tongue,

But with a smile consenting thus she sung:

A I R.

To the tune of Nancy Dawson.

Dear captain, I must needs declare,

Your jocund manner, pleasing air,

Have done your business to a hair,

And faith, I think you clever.

With other arts you ne'er had won

What mirth and Humour now have done,

You have finish'd well what you begun,

And I am yours for ever.

S O N G X V I.

*An INVITATION to PLEASURE.**To the Tune of Humphry Gravot.*

PLEASURE, goddess all divine,
 Come, O come, my soul is thine;
 Come, O come with graceful air,
 Come and drive away dull care.

Care that suits with sordid minds,
 Such as fear or avarice binds,
 Selfish, sullen, human brutes,
 Those alone dull care best suits:

Bring with thee sweet dimpled Love,
 Cupid will with Pleasure rove,
 Bacchus too must join the train,
 Bacchus prompts the jocund strain.

Merry Momus too appear,
 Momus is a foe to care,
 Let me let me join the choir,
 Pleasure is my soul's desire.

I'll with Bacchus toss the glass,
 And with Cupid toast my lass,
 Or with waggish Momus laugh,
 Thus I'll love and thus I'll quaff.

Hence with all your sober rules,
 Wretched pedants, prating fools!
 Musty morals I despise,
 Love and mirth can make us wise.

The

*The Assembly of the Gods.**To the tune of Puff about the brisk bowl.*

BY an edict from Jove all the deities met,
 On the top of OLIMBUS one day,
 To consult the true means, that would pleasure
 beget,
 And the bliss fruit to mortals convey, convey,
 And the bliss fruit to mortals convey.

Great Juno urg'd power and wealth as the thing,
 The surest to please human kind;
 That splendor and empire, a scepter, a king,
 Was all that e'er fancy could find, could find,
 Was all &c.

But sweet smiling Venus, the queen of soft love,
 Descended from Juno's high plan,
 And said she was certain that beauty would prove,
 The gratefullest gift unto man, to man,
 The gratefullest gift &c.

Then Pallas appear'd with her lance and her
 shield,
 And beauty she said was a toy,
 That Wisdom alone could true happiness yield,
 That wisdom alone could ne'er cloy, ne'er cloy.
 That wisdom &c.

Apollo said harmony only could please,
 That music the charm had alone,
 To allay ev'ry sorrow, to lessen to ease,
 Beyond beauty, or wit, or a crown, a crown,
 Beyond beauty &c.

Storn

Stern Mars was for slaughter and glory, he said,
Was all that the soul could desire.

The shrill-sounding trumpet and laurel-wreath
head,

Was a greatness, the world must admire,
admire.

Was a greatness, &c.

Next Momus appear'd with sarcastical grin,

And jeering his counsel address'd,

If laughing you deities deem not a sin,

I'm sure it would please them the best, the best,

I'm sure &c.

Now reeling young Bacchus appear'd with a bowl,

And begg'd of the court this request,

To taste but his liquor,—and swore by his soul,

That wine would please mortals the best, the
best.

That wine &c.

The gods all consented, and took a large sup,

And own'd the most pleasure in wine.

Jove gave his commands, and the council broke
up,

And Bacchus came down with the vine, the
vine.

And Bacchus &c.

In wine is compriz'd ev'ry joy that we share,

'Tis a friend to wit, wisdom and love,

It heightens the fancy, it banishes care,

'Tis a type of the blessings above, above

'Tis a type &c.

D

Then

Then circle the glass, and in chorus let's join,
 To Bacchus our voices we'll raise;
 To Bacchus, who planted the grape bearing vine,
 To Bacchus is due all our praise, our praise.
 To Bacchus, &c.

Hail ruddy-fac'd God! our vines still protect,
 And thus we'll your bounty repay,
 With hearts, hands, and bumpers—in every
 respect,
 To Bacchus we'll loudly huzza! huzza!
 To Bacchus &c.

S O N G XVII.

The NOBODY SONG,

TO sing you a song, sirs, it is my intention;
 Some folks might sneer at, yet nobody
 mention:
 Nobody you'll cry, oh! that must be stuff,
 In singing I'm nobody; that's the first proof.

'Tis nobody, nobody sees the pranks play'd,
 When nobody's by, between master and maid,
 When she cries out, be quiet, somebody will
 hear us;

He softly replies, child, there's nobody near us;

But big with child proving, she's quickly dis-
 carded;

When favours are granted, nobody's rewarded;
 When examin'd she cries out, oh! Jesus forbid
 it!

If I'm got with child, it was nobody did it.

When

When by stealth her gallant the wanton wife
leaves.

His footsteps are heard, and her spouse thinks
'tis thieves;

He starts in a fright, and cries loudly, who's
there?

The wife pats his cheek, and cries, nobody,
dear.

Nobody's a name every body will own,
When something they should be ashamed of,
they've done.

'Tis a name very fit for old maids or young
beaux,

For what they are born for nobody knows.

Of nobody now enough has been sung;
If nobody's angry why nobody's wrong:
I hope for free speaking I cannot be blamed,
Who can be offended when nobody's nam'd.

S O N G XVIII.

The SETTLEMENT.

WHAT torrents of party dispute,
Have stream'd in our taverns of late,
Concerning the treasurer *Bute*,
And settling th' affairs of the state.

O BRITONS to REASON attend,
O say what this pother's about;
In taxes your money you'll spend
What minister's in or what's out.

All along you've deserted her cause,
And been guided by *Discord's* sad rules,
Till by sticking too close to her laws,
You've behav'd like a parcel of fools.

If a *Bute* is in place or a *Pitt*,
What matters the bus'ness to you?
Your duty you know's to submit,
To their will and authority too.

For arguments ranfack your wit,
To finally end the dispute,
If you and your friends are for *Pitt*,
There are others as strenuous for *Bute*.

Herein let me end the debate,
And quiet the whole of the clatter,
By leaving th'affairs of the state,
To those who know more of the matter.

Shall I get a halfpenny by't,
If he I give voice for is in't
No, not an additional doit,
Nor even the worth of a pin.

For them e'en a dinner should lack,
And for vict'als go beg in the street,
Without e'er a coat to my back,
Or ever a shoe to my feet.

Let us each to our calling attend,
Nor presume to be guides of the great,
We never the matter shall mend,
Which ever we love, or which hate.

Let

Let the Shoemaker stick to his last,
 And the barber attend on his block,
 Th' historian think on what's past,
 And the jobber consider his stock.

Let the lover his mistress adore,
 And spy out new charms in her face,
 Let the Publican look to his score,
 Thus each honest man to his place,

Let mine be the task to attend,
 And prescribe to the vulgar their rules,
 That henceforth their manners they mend,
 And behave not like so many fools.

S O N G X I X.

I A N T H E.

Sung by Mr. Sullivan.

IANTHE the lovely, the joy of the plain,
 By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again;
 She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair;
 Their pleasure was equal, and equal their care;
 No time nor enjoyment their dotage withdrew,
 But the longer they liv'd still the fonder they grew;
 No time, no enjoyment their dotage withdrew,
 But the longer they liv'd still the fonder they grew.

A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain:
 Some envy'd the nymph; but more envy'd the
 swain:

Some swore 'twou'd be pity their loves to invade;
 That

That the lovers alone for each other were made:
 But all, all consented that none ever knew,
 A nymph yet so kind, or a shepherd so true;
 But all, all, &c.

Love saw them with pleasure; and vow'd to take
 care.

Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair:
 What either did want, he bid either to move;
 But they wanted nothing but ever to love;
 Said 'twas all that to please them his godhead
 cou'd do,

That they still might be kind, and still might be
 true.

SONG XX.

SOMETHING NEW,

Sung by Miss Davies.

IN all mankind's promiscuous race,
 The sons of error urge their chace,
 The wond'rous to pursue;
 Both in country and in town,
 The curious courtier, cit and clown,
 Solicit something new,

The poets still from nature take,
 And what is ready made they make,
 Historians must be true:
 How therefore shall we find a road,
 Thro' dissertation, song, or ode,
 To give you something new?

They

They say virginity is scarce,
 As any thing in prose or verse,
 And so is honour too;
 The papers of the day imply,
 No more than that we live and die,
 And pay for something new.

We see alike the woful dearth,
 In melancholy, or in mirth,
 Then what shall ladies do?
 Seek virtue as th' immortal prize,
 In fine be honest and be wise,
 For that is something new.

SONG XXI.

AMORET and PHILLIS.

Sung by Miss Cately, at Marybone-Gardens.

AS Amoret with Phillis set,
 One evening on the plain,
 And saw the charming Strephon wait
 To tell the nymph his pain.
 The threatening danger to remove,
 She whisper'd in her ear,
 Ah, Phillis, if you would not love,
 This shepherd do not hear.
 None ever had so strange an art,
 His passion to convey
 Into a list'ning virgin's heart,
 And steal her soul away.

Fly,

Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give,
 Occasion for your fate;
 In vain, said she, in vain I strive,
 Alas! 'tis now too late.

S O N G XXII.

The Charms of BEAUTY and WINE.

BRISK wine makes us gay, and beauty leads
 on,
 And with pleasure, with pleasure, with pleasure
 shall crown.
 'Tis the sparkling champaign shall heighten our
 joy,
 And the raptures of Phillis that never can cloy.

In mirth and delight we'll frolick and play,
 And jovial, and jovial we'll drink all the day,
 With Bacchus and Cupid we'll wanton and play,
 With cheeks red as roses, or flowers in May.
 'Tis sparkling champaign, &c.

Ye souls of dull care, 'tis woman and wine,
 Those blessings of nature and Jove's delights
 join,
 To man they were given to sooth the dull mind,
 Then drink and be cheerful, give grief to the
 wind.

'Tis sparkling champaign, &c.

S O N G XXI.

The Origin of English Liberty.

ONCE the gods of the greeks at ambrosial feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,
 Merry Momus among them was sat as a guest,
 Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing:
 On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,
 So none could his jokes disapprove,
 He sung, reparteed, and some smart storys told,
 And at last thus began upon Jove.

Sire Atlas who long has the universe bore,
 Grows grievously tir'd of late,
 He says that mankind are much worse than before
 So he begs to be eas'd of their weight:
 Jove knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hur'd,
 From his shoulders commanded the ball,
 Gave his daughter attraction the charge of the
 world,
 And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe
 round,

To see what each climate was worth,
 Like a diamond the whole with an atmosphere
 crown'd,

And she variously planted the earth:
 With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd;
 France and Spain, she taught vineyards to rear,
 What suited each clime on each clime she bestow'd,
 And freedom she found flourish'd here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root,
 The blossoms of liberty gaily did smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit:
 Thus fed and thus bred from a bounty so rare,
 O preserve it as free as 'twas given,
 We will while we've breath, nay we'll grasp it in
 death,
 Then return it untainted to heaven.

S O N G XXII.

P R A T T *and* L I B E R T Y.

To the Tune of Gee-ho, Dobbin,

WHEN late at Guildhall Britain's freedom
 was try'd,
 Dame Liberty plaintiff, with WILKES by her
 side,
 The tools of a party disputed in vain,
 For the true sons of Britain their freedom ob-
 tain.
 Oh! brave liberty,
 Pratt and liberty,
 Oh! brave liberty,
 Liberty oh!

By warrants illegal unjustly confin'd,
 Issued out by an office, in words quite unkind,
 See the PATRIOTS FOURTEEN (Britons join in
 applause.)
 Demand the protection of true British laws.
 Oh! brave liberty, &c.
 A jury

A jury unbiass'd by gold or by fear,
On a trial so highly important appear,
With a PRATT on the bench, whose discretion
and wit

Declare him for justice or liberty fit.

Oh ! brave liberty &c.

Tho' NORTON and YORK, lawyers learned and
good,

In defence of oppression and slavery stood !

PRATT and GLYN overturn'd all their pleadings
profound,

And the plaintiffs obtain'd twenty-nine hundred
pound.

Oh ! brave liberty,

Pratt and liberty,

Glyn and liberty,

Liberty oh !

S O N G XXIII.

An ODE for Lord Mayor's Day:

RECITATIVE.

B RITONS attend, I sing in merry lay
The feats atchiev'd upon a Lord Mayor's
day :

What surfeits caught, what feeding when they
dine,

What sober citizens get drunk by nine :

What fights are seen, what rattling, fufs, and
noise,

Of coaches, carts, men, women, girls and boys ;
Who streets, bulks, windows, tops of houses
throng,

To view his lordship pass in state along.

A I R.

Oh! London is a fine Town, &c.

Oh! Lord Mayr's show, so brave and gay, does
honour to the city,
And old and young, and rich and poor, must
own 'tis vastly pretty;
To see the gilded coach and six, and man in ar-
mour ride,
In pomp and splendor from Guildhall unto the
water side,
And when in barges closely pent, such plenty of
good cheer,
What pity 'tis so fine a sight should come but
once a year!

Oh! Lord Mayor's show, &c.

RECITATIVE,

The bustle o'er, the cavalcade gone by,
The mob dispers'd, to dinner's all the cry,
With hasten'd steps, as keenest hunger calls,
The starv'd mechanics seek their diff'rent halls,
At the full groaning board each takes his seat,
With brandish'd knife and fork, prepar'd to eat.

A I R.

Ghosts of ev'ry Occupation,

Cits of ev'ry occupation,
Ev'ry age and ev'ry station,
Parsons, justices of quorum,
All with napkins tuck'd before 'em,

Press

Press to have their plates fill'd first,
 With the victuals here such work is
 Snatching turtle, geese, and turkies;
 Hares with puddings in their bellies,
 Cheesecakes, custards, tarts and jellies.
 Bawling, swearing,
 Cutting, tearing,
 Sweating, puffing,
 Licking stuffing,
 Just as if they all would burst.

RECITATIVE.

Their prowess now in eating having prov'd,
 The dishes empty'd, and the cloth remov'd;
 Again the table smiles with wine and ale,
 And toasts and bumpers ev'ry where prevail.
 Some talk, some laugh, some smoke, some sno-
 ring lie,
 And some with jovial songs old care defy.

A I R.

Come hither my Country 'Squire, &c.

Come fill the glass to the brink,
 Brisk wine soon away sorrow drives;
 Like cowards ne'er shrink but valiantly drink
 Confusion to bailiffs and wives.

CHORUS,

Such foaking, such smoaking, and joking,
 Such guzzling here you see;

The

The buck and furr'd gown to gether sit down,
And all are good company.

To enjoy life while we may,
I'll prove from the scriptures is right;
Old Lot us'd, they say, to fuddle all day,
And lie with his doxy at night.

CHORUS

Such soaking, such smoaking, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But soon the luscious grape so potent grows,
Mirth and good humour turn to words and
blows;
Now rogue and cuckold through the hall resound,
And wigs, and canes, and cravats strew the
ground;
Till bright Aurora rears her rosy head,
And bids the noisy crew reel home to bed.

A I R.

There was a jovial Beggar, &c.

Let heroes both by land and sea,
Their deeds in battle boast;
They only fame acquire now,
Who eat and drink the most.

Then a guttling we will go, will go, will go,
Then a guttling we will go.

In

In story we are told of one,
 An ox slew with his fist;
 Then at a meal he eat him up;
 Gods! what a glorious twist!

Then a gutling, &c.

If then good eating's so renown'd,
 Be this each Britons pray'r,
 " God bless the court of Aldermen,
 " The Sheriffs and Lord Mayor,
 When a guttling they do go, do go, do go,
 When a gutling they do go.

S O N G XXV.

The SAILOR'S SONG,

Sung on board a Man of War at Plymouth.

HEAVE away, jolly hearts, heave away;
 Push the can about,
 Let us pump it out,
 To old England, my messmates, hurra!
 On shore or on board,
 For our king, George the Third,
 We'll merrily live on this day.

Had you been with us, lads, you'd have laught,
 We were bid, mun, to drub France and Spain,
 The word was past fore and aft,
 We did it, and can do't again.

To

To the north while the needle shall show,
 While canvas shall swell to the wind;
 To the moon while the tides ebb and flow,
 You'll in *hearts of oak* hearts of oak find.

Thro' life we'll sail steady along,
 Not palaver on this side or that;
 For our king, for our country's our song;
 And who can sing better than that.

The spanish armado,
 Tho' big with bravado,
 Was scatter'd and shatter'd by Drake;
 And our histories tell
 What castles pall-mall
 Were unshipp'd by the broadsides of Blake.

Such deeds did our forefathers crown,
 Such deeds once again we have seen;
 Our sea and land mess-mates have shown
 We're—what our forefathers have been.

When the trumpet of war reach'd the shore,
 Britain's genius sprang up from her bed,
 In her hand *freedom's* standard she bore,
 And commerce encircled her head.

Her harbinger *justice* went out,
 To her side *conquest* buckled her sword;
 Our boys shook the air with a shout,
 As we'll shout, boys, for King George the
 Third.

S O N G

SONG XXVI.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

ON the white cliffs of Albion see fame
 where she stands,
 And her shrill-swelling notes reach the neigh-
 bouring lands.
 Of the natives free born, and their conquests she
 sings,
 The happiest of men, with the greatest of kings.

George the third she proclaims, his vast glory
 repeats,
 His undimay'd legions, invincible fleets;
 Whom nor castles or rocks can from honour re-
 tard,
 Since e'en Death for their king, they with scorn
 disregard.

O! but see a cloud burst, and an angel appears,
 'Tis peace lovely virgin, dissolved in tears;
 Say fame, cry'd the maid, is't not time to give o'er,
 With sieges and famine, explosions and gore.

His just rights to assert hath the king amply try'd
 Nor his wisdom or strength can opponents abide,
 Then no longer in rage let dread thunders be
 hurl'd,

But leave him to me, and give ease to the world,
 'Tis done, and great George is to mercy inclin'd,
 The blest word is gone forth for the good of man-
 kind,

'Tis the act of a Briton to beat, then to spare,
 And our king is a Briton, deny it who dare.

To Hodson and Keppel let bumpers then smile,
And to all our brave troops who have taken
Hélicite,

May they meet just reward, and with courage
Still to advance,
Still to humble the pride and the power of
France,

Charge your glasses lip high, and drink health to
the king,

To the Duke and the Princess, and make the air
ring;

May the days of great George be all happy and
long,

And the Man still be right who yet never was
wrong.

S O N G XXVII.

Sung at Sadler's-Wells.

OUR ship is paid off.

I have money enough.

And if so be that Susan should like it,

In a brisk loving gale

To be married we'll sail;

If it shall be a bargain, la! - strike it.

When I first went on board,

Why you gave me your word

That wedlock's point we should weather,

Then to church let us go,

Come I'll take you in tow,

And parson shall splice us together.

SONG XXVIII.

A BRITON the SON of a BRITON.

RECITATIVE.

Miss Catley.

LOVES and graces, hither fly,
All that guard and deck the fair,
In strains of softest melody,
Gratulate your darling care!
Sweetly tell in measures sweet,
Britain's wishes are compleat.

AIR.

Miss Catley.

The ready verse in forticks flows,
The ready muse with transport glows,
She tunes her songs of rarest mirth,
To hail the happy, royal birth.

RECITATIVE.

Mr. Mattocks.

Guardian genius of our land,
Propitious power be ready now,
Triumph grasped in thy hand,
Rapture printed on thy brow!
Hail in strains of boldest melody,
The heir of Britain, George, and Liberty!

F 2

AIR.

A I R.

Mr. Mattocks.

See the godhead appear! thro' regions of air
 His course how triumphantly fleet!
 The swift-winged wind he leaves panting behind,
 The glorious occasion to greet!
 On the new-given birth, son of virtue and worth,
 In fullness of joy he looks down,
 Each patriot-grace he beholds in his face,
 And with transports adopts him his own.

RECITATIVE.

Miss Catley.

Say, muse, when godlike George by heav'n
 ordain'd
 To wield Britannia's sceptre, first receiv'd
 The willing tribute of a smiling land,
 Say, did not wreaths of victory profuse
 Adorn the gift? Each fairest flow'ret twin'd,
 That honour could produce and interwove
 With merits of a long illustrious line!
 What more could fate bestow?

RECITATIVE.

Mr. Mattocks.

Domestic bliss!
 That stranger to a throne! to him 'twas promis'd;
 To suit the social virtues of his heart,
 Mercy, benevolence, and charity

There

These jewels of a crown !—to George 'twas
 promis'd
 And Charlotte, by the hand of honour led,
 Appear'd to grace and ratify the boon.

DUETTO.

Mr. Mattocks and Miss Catley.

Love divinest bliss below,
 All thy richest gifts bestow !
 Unmix'd with fear unknown to strife,
 Flow the hours of { George's } life,
 { Charlotte's }

AIR the LAST.

Mr. Mattocks.

So shall the blessings of this isle
 To latest times their sweets convey;
 So shall her sons incessant smile,
 And hail the royal natal day !

CHORUS.

In songs of triumph be ever, ever sung,
 A Briton from a Briton sprung,

Miss Catley.

So shall the joys, the dearest joys,
 Of virtue and of love combine;
 Shall ever swell the muse's voice,
 In Albion's children ever shine !

CHORUS.

In songs of triumph, &c.

Mr. Mattocks.

Let echo catch th' enliv'ning sound,
Let winds the glorious tidings bear,

Miss Catley.

And to the various nations round
Tell who are heaven's peculiar care!

CHORUS.

In songs of triumph be ever, ever sung,
A Briton from a Briton sprung.

SONG XXIX

Sung by Miss Catley.

GO naughty Man, I can't abide you,
Are then your vows so soon forgot,
Ah now I see if I had try'd you,
What would have been my hopeful Lot!
But here I charge you, make them happy,
Bless the fond pair and crown their bliss,
Come be a dear good natured pappy,
And I'll reward you with a kiss.

SONG

S O N G XXX.

YOUNG I am and sore afraid,
 Would you hurt an harmless Maid,
 Lead an innocent astray?
 Tempt me not kind sir I pray.
 Men too often we believe,
 And should you my faith deceive,
 Ruin first and then forsake,
 Sure my tender heart would break.

S O N G XXXI.

HOW sweet are the flowers, how lovely the
 spring?

How gaudy the pride of the grove?
 How wanton the air is, the birds how they sing?
 And chirrup soft measures of love:
 Yet not of themselves the gay beauties can please,
 We only can taste when the heart is at ease.

The flowers would wither, the spring have an end,
 The pride of the grove wou'd decay;
 The air wou'd be noxious, the birds but offend,
 If my parents, my king were away:
 For not of themselves the vain pageants can please,
 We only can taste, when the heart is at ease.

S O N G XXXII.

Sung by Miss Plinius, at Marybone Gardens.

YOUNG Strephon, the artful, the dange-
 rous swain,
 My love and esteem has attempted to gain;
 with

With the same wicked arts he so oft had betray'd
 He thought to seduce one more innocent maid ;
 But, appriz'd of his power, of my weakness,
 aware,

I baffled his scheme and avoided the snare ;
 For virtue I love, and was taught in my dawn,
 When I gathered a rose to beware of the thorn.

His tears I neglected, his oaths I despis'd,
 For his heart by those tears, and those oaths, he
 disguis'd ;

What presents he brought me I chose to decline,
 (The Prodigal bounty of art and design)
 He coax'd and he flatter'd, but flatter'd in vain
 And practis'd each art on my weakness to gain ;
 Protected by prudence I laugh'd him to scorn,
 Tho' I fancy'd the rose, yet I dreaded the thorn.

He wantonly boasted what nymphs he had won,
 What credulous beauties his arts had undone ;
 He swore that his faith should inviolate be,
 That his heart and those fair ones were victims
 to me ;

But I told him those victims, that faith I despise,
 And from such examples would learn to be wise ;
 That I never would prostitute virtue to scorn,
 Or smell at a rose to be hurt by a thorn.

Was the perjur'd betrayer asham'd of his guilt ;
 Was his passion on virtue, not wantonness built ;
 Was his heart as sincere as his oaths are profane,
 I cou'd fancy, I own I cou'd fancy the swain ;
 But experience has taught me 'tis dangerous to
 trust,

And folly to think he can ever be just;
 So I'll stifle my flame, and reject him with scorn,
 Lest I grasp at the rose and be hurt by the thorn.

VISION GO XXXIII

A new Song sung by Mr. Beard.

WE'VE fought, we have conquer'd, and
 England once more,
 Shall flourish in fame, as she flourish'd before:
 Our fears are all fled, with our enemies slain,
 Cou'd they rise up anew we wou'd slay them again.
 Cou'd they rise up anew, &c.

His monarch to serve, or to do himself right,
 No Englishman yet ever flinch'd from the fight;
 For why neighbours all we are free as the king,
 'Tis that makes us brave, and 'tis that makes us
 sing.

Our prince too for this may be thankful to fate,
 It is in our freedom he finds himself great;
 No force can be wanting nor meaner court arts,
 He is master of all who will reign in our hearts.

Should rebels within or should foes from without,
 Bring the crown on his head or his honor in doubt,
 We are ready, still ready, and boldly foretell,
 That conquest shall ever with liberty dwell.

And now bring us forth as the crown of our la-
 bour,

Much wine and good cheer with the pipe and the
 tabor,

INVITATION

Let

Let our nymphs be all kind, and our shepherds
be gay,
For England, old England, is happy to-day.

S O N G XXXIV.

BACCHUS and ARIADNE, a CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE faithless Theseus Ariadne moans,
And fills fair Naxos with her sighs and
groans;
Bacchus, the rosy god of wine, drew near
And, pitying first beheld the afflicted fair:
But soon relin'd to gentle love,
And thus the god began the nymph to move.

A I R.

(Tune, *While I quaff my rosy wine.*)

Cease fair creature, cease to mourn,
Theseus never will return;
Let the faithless traitor go,
Think he is not worth your woe.

See the god of mirth and wine,
Courts thee to his arms divine.
Hence with sorrow, hence with care,
Come with ev'ry pleasure share.

Bacchus will be true to thee,
Not like perjur'd Theseus be,
Think what blessings on thee wait,
Pleasure, glory, pomp and state.

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

Deaf to his love awhile the fair remain'd,
 At length her scatter'd senses she regain'd,
 And view'd the god, observ'd his heav'nly grace,
 And youth eternal blushing in his face:
 A smile consenting open'd on her look,
 When thus in tuneful words the fair one spoke.

A I R.

(Tune, *Dull philosophers maintain*)

Theseus to the gods I leave,
 Rosy Bacchus I am thine;
 His absence I'll no longer grieve,
 But my charms to you resign.
 Here then, youthful Bacchus take me,
 I will ever constant prove,
 Think not I will e'er forsake thee,
 But return you love for love.
 Thus ye fair, when faithless men
 Prove ungrateful to your charms,
 Give them scorn for scorn again,
 And fly into anothers arms.

S O N G XXXV.

I N F A N C Y.

IN infancy our hopes and fears,
 Were to each other known;
 And friendship in our riper years,
 Has twin'd our hearts in one.

O clear him then from this offence,
 Thy love, thy duty prove;
 Restore him with that innocence,
 Which first inspir'd my love,

S O N G XXXVI.

IFo'er the cruel tyrant love,
 A conquest I believe;
 The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
 O let me be deceiv'd,

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
 Which love did first create,
 What was my pride is now my shame;
 And must be turn'd to hate,

Then call not to my wav'ring mind,
 The weakness of my heart;
 Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd,
 To take the traitor's part.

S O N G XXXVII.

P L A T O ' S A D V I C E .

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain!
 Since bounteous heav'n has made him great;
 Why looketh he with insolent disdain,
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
 Can costly robes or beds of down,
 And all the gems that deck the fair;
 Can all the glories of a crown,
 Give health or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
 The humble and the haughty die;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust without distinction lie.
 Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles wore;
 Their wealth and glory is bereft,
 And all their honour is no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train;
 When shot, 'tis gone; its beauty dies,
 Dissolves to common air again.
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
 Let friendship reign while here we stay;
 Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls,
 When Jove he calls we must away.

S O N G XXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone Gardens.

STINT me not in love or wine,
 I'll have full draughts of either,
 Round me springs the mantling vine,
 Bacchus, haste thee hither.

See, see the grape bleeds to replenish my cup,
 I'll drink it Silenus; I'll drink it all up;
 And tho' my feet stagger, and tho' my eyes roll,
 Ye Bacchus, bring me another full bowl.

True with your bumpers, Venus now,
 The ruddy victor chases;

Send some nymph with graceful brow,
To my warm embraces.

See blooming young Hebe is now on the wing,
As ripe as full summer, as wanton as spring;
Ye fairies and dryads far hence from the grove,
'Tis silence and gloom that is sacred to love

Steering thus from joy to joy,
Careful thoughts I banish:
Time this flame will ne'er destroy,
Others blaze and vanish.

Ye graces, and satyrs my chaplet prepare,
With myrtle and ivy come bind up my hair,
While I in due justice your pains will requite,
By drinking all day, and by loving all night.

S O N G XXXIX.

To DELIA.

Set by Dr. Arne.

SOFT pleasing pains. unknown before,
My beating bosom feels,
When I behold the blisful bow'r
Where dearest Delia dwells:
That way I daily drive my flock;
Ah! happy, happy vale!
There look, and wish, and while I look
My sighs increase the gale.
My sighs increase the gale.

Sometimes at midnight I do stray,

Beneath

Beneath inclement skies;
 And there my true devotion pay
 To Delia's sleep seal'd eyes;
 So pious pilgrims nightly roam,
 With tedious travel faint,
 To kiss alone the clay-cold tomb
 Of some lov'd fav'rite saint.
 Of some, &c.

O tell, ye shades, that fold my fair,
 And all my bliss contain,
 Ah! why should ye those blessings share,
 For which I sigh in vain.
 But let me not at fate repine,
 And thus my griefs impart;
 She's not your tenant;----she is mine:
 Her mansion is my heart.
 Her mansion is my heart.

S O N G X L.

The J O Y S o f H A R V E S T.

NOW pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the
 plains,
 And brightens the smiles of the damsels and
 swains,
 As they follow the last team of harvest along.
 And end all their toils with a dance and a song.
 Possess'd of the plenty, that blesses the year,
 Bleak winter's approach they behold without
 fear.
 And when tempests rattle, and hurricanes roar,
 Enjoy

Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish for
more.

Dear Chloe, from them let us learn to be wise,
And use ev'ry moment of life as it flies:

Gay youth is the spring time which all must im-
prove,

For summer to ripen a harvest of love.

Our hearts then a provident care should engage,
To lay friendship in store, for the winter of age,
Whose frowns shall disarm even Chloe's bright eye
Damp the flame in my bosom, and pall ev'ry joy.

S O N G XLI.

A C A N T A T A,

Sung by Mr. Lowe at Marybone Gardens.

RECITATIVE.

A WAK'D by the horn, like the spring
deck'd in green,
Betimes in the morning the hunters are seen,
With joy on each brow they enliven the place,
And impatiently wait for to join in the chase.

A I R.

From his close covert rous'd, the stag swiftly flies,
As the arrow that's shot from the bow,
O'er rivers and mountains, all danger defies,
And fears nothing but man his worst foe.
From his close, &c.

Now

Now they trace him thro' the copse,
 Panting, struggling, see he drops;
 Hark! hark! rude clamours rend the skies,
 While the dappled victim dies, he dies.
 While the dappled, &c.

Thus Britain's sons in Harry's reign,
 Purs'd the trembling Gaul,
 Though streams of blood, o'er hills of slain,
 And triumph'd in his fall.

Now hostile foes alarm,
 Arm arm Britannia arm.
 Then away, 'tis great George gives the word;
 Quit the horn for the trumpet, the whip for the
 sword.

Quit, &c.

Like our valiant forefathers, stern death let us
 face,
 Be as glorious in war as we are in the chase.
 Be as glorious, &c.

S O N G XLII.

Sung by Mrs. Miles, at Marybone Gardens.

NAY, jeer ye not sisters, by love unbetray'd,
 But pity a fond, yet an innocent maid,
 I step'd, but with Johnny to yonder hedge row,
 And which of you all pray, wou'd not have done
 so.

If with him, he said, to the coppice I'd stray,
 H He'd

And when the violet, and bloom of the May,
Then kiss me so sweetly, I could not but go,
And which of you all pray, had answer'd him no.

At the foot of a wide swelling oak we reclin'd,
Hean'd on his breast while he whisper'd his mind,
His offer was marriage, I could not say no,
Pray which of ye all is't that wou'd have done so.

As the ivy around this stout oak doth intwine,
So sweetening, said he, thou must do when thou'rt
mine,

Then clasp'd me close to him, I beg'd I might go,
But he press'd me still closer, and cry'd my dear
no.

Alas! gentle Johnny, sweet Johnny, I said,
Remember your promise nor hurt a poor maid,
Consider my virtue and pray let me go,
But he kiss'd me still warmer and cry'd my dear
no.

I ever thought him as mild as the dove,
How weak is the heart that gives sanction to love,
Yet he swears that to morrow to church he will
go.

He shall ne'er get me out again till he does so.

S O N G XLIII.

On LIBERTY.

(Tune, *Hearts of Oak*)

C O M E, cheer up my lads, to our country be
firm,

As

As kings of the ocean we'll weather each storm;
 Integrity calls out, 'Fair liberty see,
 'Waves her flag o'er our heads, and her words
 are, **BE FREE.**

CHORUS.

Hearts of oak are we still, for we're sons of
 of those men.

who always were ready,

Steady, boys, steady,

To fight for our freedom again and again.

To king George, as true subjects, we loyal
 bow down,

And hope we may call Magna Charta our own:

Let the rest of the world slavish worship decree,

English genius has order'd her sons shou'd be free,

Chorus, &c.

Poor Esau his birthright gave up for a bribe.

But Englishmen scorn the mean soul-selling tribe;

Beyond life our birthright of freedom we prize,

Which in death we'll defend, and abjure an Ex-

cise,

Chorus, &c.

On our brows while we lawrell'd-crown'd liberty
 wear,

All that Englishmen ought, as we Englishmen
 dare;

Tho' tempests and terrors around us we see,

Bribes nor fears can prevail o'er the heart which
 is free.

Chorus, &c.

H 2

With

With loyalty, liberty, let us entwine;
 Our blood shall for both flow as free as our wine;
 Let us set an example, what all men shou'd be,
 And a toast give the world---Here's to those dare
 be free. Chorus, &c.

S O N G XLIV.

In Praise of WOMAN.

Sung by Mr. Lowe at Marybone Gardens,

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll en-
 twine,
 And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
 In search of Venus no longer I'll run,
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair,
 'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
 And what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
 If not fill'd to the health of a favourite lass.

'Tis woman, whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
 And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart;
 The miser himself, so supreme is her sway,
 Grows a convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice sorrow lifts up her head,
 And poverty litters well-pleas'd from her bed,
 While age in an ecstasy hobb'ling along,
 Beats time with his crutch the tune of her song.

Then bring us a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
 The largest and deepest that stands on his board,
 I'll

I'll fill up a brim, and drink to the fair;
'Tis the thirst of a lover; and pledge me who dare.

SONG XLV.

A DRINKING SONG.

(Tune, Says Plato, *Why should Man be vain.*)

FILL fill the bowl with sparkling wine,
The jayous rich repair prepare;
Drink, drink, my friends, and ne'er repine,
Of fortune's frowns let others share:
Those she exalts are but her sport,
The play-things of her fickle mind;
And those who most her favours court,
Are in her gifts the most behind.

Then unconcern'd let life glide on,
Let mirth employ the social hour,
For e'er to-morrow's rising sun,
The fates may snatch it from our power:
Drink on, and push the glasses round,
Let hope to day prevent despair;
Let mirth, and joy, and wine abound,
To-morrow is not worth our care.

SONG XLVI.

VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

IT is I believe,
Next Hottentote eve,
A twelvemonth since first I began
To hold up my head,

In love to be read,
And to construe the looks of a man.

Young Damon I saw,
He kiss'd me, O la!
I vow thro' my bosom it ran;
My lips he so press'd,
'Tis true I protest,
I thought him a duce of a man.

Philander the gay,
I met at the play,
My heart beat a furious ratan;
Because you must know,
I sometime ago,
Had hopes of his being the man.

Brisk Strephon came next,
But then I was vex'd,
He play'd with Miss Phillis's fan;
I own to be sure
I could not endure
To see myself robb'd of a man.

My mother and aunts,
Still watching my haunts,
Obstruct me as much as they can;
But what do I care,
I vow and declare,
I'll fit myself soon with a man.

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